

The Inquirer.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1911.

[ONE PENNY.]

The Inquirer.

August 19th contains the following Articles:—

Sermon by Rev. JOSEPH WOOD.

"Alcohol and Childhood."

"The Vitality of Platonism." By
DOROTHY TARRANT.

August 12th.

Sermon by Rev. E. W. LEWIS, M.A.,
B.D.

"Religious Freedom in Prussia." By
Dr. K. SCHRADER.

"American Summer Schools." By F.
J. GOULD.

August 5th.

"The Congress of Races."

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OUR CALENDAR.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday Morning.

N.B.—The name of the Minister of the Church is in all cases inserted, unless instructions are received to the contrary by Thursday morning before the date of issue.

SUNDAY, August 27.

LONDON.

Acton, Creffield-road, 11.15 and 7, Rev. A. C. HOLDEN, M.A.
 Bermondsey, Fort-road, 7, Mr. W. LEE, B.A.
 Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE.
 Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road. Closed for repairs.
 Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road. Closed, re-open September 3.
 Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, Rev. W. MORITZ WESTON, D.D., Ph.D.
 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 7, Rev. R. K. DAVIS, B.A.
 Finchley (Church End), Fern Bank Hall, Gravel Hill, 6.30, Mr. C. E. HINTON, B.A.
 Forest Gate, Upton-lane, 11, Mr. E. W. SMITH; 6.30, Rev. JOHN ELLIS.
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. BERTRAM LISTER, M.A.
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES ROPER, B.A.
 Highgate-hill Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Mr. S. P. PENWARDEN.
 Ilford, High-road, 11 and 7, Rev. A. H. BIGGS, M.A.
 Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Mr. FRED. MADDISON.
 Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W. No Morning Service; 6.30, Mr. J. W. GALE.
 Kilburn, Quex-road, 11, Mr. CHARLES WEISS. Morning Service only.
 Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. GEO. CARTER.
 Deptford, Church and Mission, Church-street, 6.30.
 Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Rev. T. E. M. EDWARDS.
 Peckham, Avondale-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. LAWRENCE CLARE.
 Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road. Closed during August.
 Stoke Newington Green, 11.15, Dr. LIONEL TAYLER. No Evening Service.
 Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. JOHN ELLIS; 6.30, Mr. E. W. SMITH.
 University Hall, Gordon-square, W.C. Closed. Services will be resumed on September 17.
 Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, Wandsworth, 11 and 7, Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.
 Wimbledon, 27B, Merton-road, 7, Mr. A. S. NOEL.
 Wood Green Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. JOSEPH WILSON.
 Woolwich, Carmel Chapel, Anglesea-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. JENKINS JONES.

ABERYSTWYTH, New Street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30, Supply.
 AMBLESIDE, The Old Chapel at The Knoll, Rydal-road, 11, Rev. CHARLES PEACH.
 BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. B. ROBINSON.
 BIRMINGHAM, Old Meeting Church, Bristol-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. M. WRIGHT, M.A.
 BIRMINGHAM, Church of the Messiah, Broad-street. Closed for Cleaning.
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30.
 BOLTON, Halliwell-road Free Church, 10.45, Scholars' Service; 6.30, Rev. J. ISLAN JONES, M.A.

BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. RUDOLPH DAVIS, B.A.
 BRADFORD, Chapel Lane Chapel, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. H. McLAACHLAN.
 BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7, Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.
 BURY ST. EDMUNDS, Churchgate-street (Presbyterian), 11 and 6.45, Mr. GEORGE WARD.
 BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. STREET.
 CHELMSFORD, Unitarian Church, Legg-street, 6.30.
 CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. JENKIN EVANS.
 CLIFTON, Oakfield-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. E. WILLIAMS, B.A.
 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. GINEVER.
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12 and 7, Rev. E. SAYELL HICKS, M.A.
 EVESHAM, Oat-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30.
 GATESHEAD, Unity Church, 10.45 and 6.30, Mr. W. B. HALL.
 GEE CROSS, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. H. PICKERING.
 HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. S. BURROWS and Rev. H. W. KING.
 HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. J. MARTEN.
 LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. HARGROVE.
 LEICESTER, Free Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. KENNETH BOND.
 LEICESTER, The Great Meeting, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. I. FRIPP.
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 MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. P. MILLS.
 MORETONHAMPSHIRE, Devon, Cross Chapel, 11 and 3, Rev. A. LANCASTER.
 NEW BRIGHTON and LISCARD, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11, Rev. T. J. JENKINS; 6.30, Rev. E. S. RUSSELL, B.A.
 NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, Unitarian Church, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. RUDDLE.
 OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. Dr. CARPENTER.
 PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 and 6.45, Rev. D. DELTA EVANS.
 PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street, 6.45, Rev. T. BOND.
 PRESTON, Unitarian Chapel, Church-street, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. TRAVERS.
 SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. E. W. LUMMIS, M.A.
 SEVENOAKS, Bessell's Green, The Old Meeting House, 11, Rev. J. F. PARMITER.
 SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11, Rev. C. J. STREET, M.A.; 6.30, Rev. J. S. MATHERS, M.A.
 SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.
 SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. R. NICOL CROSS, M.A.
 SOUTHAMPTON, Church of the Saviour, London-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. R. ANDREAE, M.A.
 TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. O'CONNOR, B.D.
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Dudley Institute, Dudley-road, 11 and 6.30. Services resumed, September 3. Rev. GEORGE BURNETT STALL-WORTHY.
 WEST KIRBY, Meeting Room, Grange-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. W. HAWKES.

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MARRIAGES.

BLAKE — MACLAGAN - WEDDERBURN. — On August 21, at St. Andrew's United Free Church, Edinburgh, by the Rev. Wm. MacGregor, D.D., assisted by the Rev. A. O. MacLagan-Wedderburn, M.A., Robert Blake, San Julian, Patagonia, to Edith, daughter of the late A. V. MacLagan-Wedderburn, M.D., of Pearsie, and of Mrs. MacLagan-Wedderburn, 6, Succoth-gardens, Edinburgh.

GREENWOOD—McNAULTY.—On August 16, at the New Gravel Pit Church, Hackney, by Rev. Bertram Lister, M.A., William Henry Greenwood, formerly of Liverpool, to Florence Heffield, second daughter of John McNulty.

DEATHS.

BIGGS.—On August 20, at 37, Coventry-road, Ilford, William Desmond, the infant son of Rev. A. H. Biggs.

FORDHAM.—On August 18, at Odsey, of heart failure, Fanny Osler, wife of Sir Herbert George Fordham, of Odsey, in her fifty-seventh year.

HALL.—On August 20, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Alfred Hall, of Boston, aged 68.

KENSETT.—On August 21, at Concord, Horsa-ham, Jessie, youngest daughter of the late James and Mary Ann Kensett, aged 45 years.

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Advertisements should arrive not later than Twelve o'clock on THURSDAY to appear the same week.

THE INQUIRER.

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*** All letters and manuscripts for the Editor should be sent to 23, Cannon-place, Hampstead, N.W.*

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

LAST Sunday brought the welcome news of the end of the Railway Strike. It has been a triumph for methods of conciliation and those who practise them. The situation had become very difficult after the outbreak of hostilities. To cease fighting before there has been a decisive victory for either side is contrary to many instincts of human nature. But common sense prevailed, and something deeper than common sense. This sinking away of strong passions and the restoration of order out of chaos would have been impossible apart from discipline and self-control and the subordination of the recklessness of personal feeling to common ends. Peace has come, as it always must come when it is something more vital than the mere cessation of disturbance, through the hidden spiritual forces which may either wreck society or build it up into fairer forms of happiness and well-being.

THE past month has given many comfortable people a glimpse into the misery of the abyss. It will be a poor commentary on their wisdom or their humanity if they forget it all because they can travel again in comfort, and cease to be anxious about their food supplies. The recent trouble has not been with the aristocracy of labour, striking in well-defined sections for an advance of wages. It has sprung out of the unrest and discontent of the mass of under-paid labour at the bottom, living normally under conditions which make happiness and well-being impossible, except for people endowed with the strength of the martyr and the patience of the saint. The women workers in South London, the 100,000 railway workers who receive less

than £1 per week, the army of men employed in transport whose rate of wages is in inverse proportion to the length of their day, are an essential part of the body politic. The withdrawal of their labour even for a few days creates social paralysis. The problem which stares us in the face, and, cost what it may, must receive an answer, is how to give them a larger and juster share in the social happiness and well-being which they help to create.

In a letter to the *Liverpool Daily Post*, Sir John Brunner has called attention to the bad effect on character which results from irregular spells of work, and he pleads with the shipowners to take a step towards less demoralising habits among the workers by abolishing overtime. That there are among the dockers a considerable proportion of men of deteriorated character is probably true; but they are hardly to blame under the existing conditions of labour, which compel them to spend a large amount of time in loafing for the convenience of other people. Here and elsewhere the economic advantage of the moment may be contrary to a true social policy. Everything which places a strain upon character greater than it can bear stands self-condemned.

In spite of lurid headlines in the newspapers, the orderliness and good temper of the recent labour troubles have been remarkable. In South Wales, unfortunately, there have been scenes of reckless violence, and unbridled passion has expressed itself as usual in acts of wasteful destruction. The most disconcerting feature, for which it is difficult to find an adequate explanation, has been the outbreak of hatred against the Jews. The Welsh Nonconformist appears in a new rôle as an anti-Semite. Probably the sentiment is not deep-seated, and an element of racial and religious aloofness, which is always present, has blazed up suddenly into an

unreasoning hostility, which will die away as soon as the present turbulent mood is at an end. But even so it is most deplorable, and must leave wounds behind which it will take a long period of justice and good temper to heal.

By the death of Dr. J. Guinness Rogers last Sunday we lose a Nonconformist stalwart, whose name had long been fragrant with the strenuous memories of other days. He was a Congregationalist of the traditional mould, a Puritan in his habits and ideals, and an Independent in his zest for conflict, ever ready to break a lance on behalf of disestablishment. In spite of the fact that he never made his mark as a preacher or a thinker, he was one of the well-known men of his time. This was due partly to his own gifts for public life and his instinct for leadership, and partly to his long and close association with Mr. Gladstone, based upon a cordial personal liking between the two men, as the typical Nonconformist.

In some respects Dr. Guinness Rogers was the last of the acknowledged political leaders of Nonconformity. Times have changed since the eager conflicts of his middle age, and the familiar jibe about the politics of Dissent has lost its force. For one thing congregations of Nonconformists are not so homogeneous in opinion as they used to be, and can no longer be counted upon as effective units in an electoral campaign. By a curious irony of fate, at the very time when Nonconformity is achieving more political catholicity, possibly with some spiritual gains to compensate for a certain loss of cohesion, the official circles in the Church of England seem to be anxious to proclaim their political solidarity. In a letter by the Archbishop of Canterbury, which appears in the press this week, he writes frankly on the assumption that the Church of England has a common political policy

and is united in opposition to the present Government. We do not believe that this is true, but there are apparently men in high places who want to make it true.

* * *

WE have received the first number of the *Peacemaker*, which is described as the official organ of the associated Councils of the British and German Empires for fostering friendly relations between the two peoples. It is to be published quarterly by the British Council. We offer it a cordial and respectful welcome, though it is possible to wonder whether it is likely to reach the mass of indifferent and ill-informed people who need education on the subject. For them the columns of the daily press must be used with all the insistence which reluctant editors will allow. The *Peacemaker* will serve chiefly as a bulletin for the converted.

* * *

THE first number contains the following excellent statement of objects:—

“Our task is to disseminate such information, and to emphasise such considerations, as tend to the production of an atmosphere of goodwill in which adjustment may naturally and easily be secured. No one who realises even for a passing moment the physical horror, the economic waste, the irreparable disaster to Christendom of a collision between the two great Teutonic peoples, can doubt that time, labour, and money, even though expended on a far larger scale than is possible to the Associated Councils, would be wisely devoted to banishing such a calamity for ever from the region of possibility.”

* * *

The movement is described as distinctly Christian, and is in itself a spontaneous tribute to the existence of a common Christianity, which is often denied by partisans to whom dogmatic precision seems to be of more importance than the spirit of Christ. The religious basis is described in the following words:—“We welcome with unfeigned and heartfelt delight all efforts for a closer understanding by representatives of science and art, literature and civic administration; but we hold that the deepest springs of human feeling are reached only by the operation of the spiritual forces and ideals associated with the revelation of God in Jesus Christ. Hence we appeal to all ministers and representatives of the Christian religion in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales by whatsoever sectional name they may be called—Anglican, Roman Catholic, Evangelical Free Churchman, Unitarian, or other—to associate themselves with our movement, and to lend to it the weight and authority of their public position. That thousands have already done so is a cause for sincere gratitude.”

THE LIBERAL CHRISTIAN PULPIT

THE LARGER HOPE.*

BY PROFESSOR G. DAWES HICKS.

“It doth not yet appear what we shall be.”
—1 John iii. 2.

THOSE who have read that unique book, “The Life and Letters of Professor Huxley,” cannot fail to be impressed with one experience recorded there, which reveals a side of Huxley’s nature of which the outside world knew but little. On the New Year’s eve of 1856 the great scientist was sitting in his study, waiting for the birth of his first child. And during the hours of waiting he engaged himself in mapping out the course of work to which the remainder of his life should be devoted. The four immediately succeeding years must still, he determined, be *Lehrjahre*—years of preparation—and then, when they were over, he might fairly look forward to fifteen or twenty more in which he should be able to contribute something of worth and value to the pursuit he loved. And when, at length, his infant son was born, it seemed to him as a pledge that the things he had been contemplating would come to be. Underneath that entry in his journal there came, alas, to stand another, bearing date September 20, 1860. It runs thus:—“And the same child, our Noel, our first-born, after being for nearly four years our delight and our joy, was carried off by scarlet fever in forty-eight hours. This day week he and I had a great romp together. On Friday, his restless little head, with its bright blue eyes, and tangled golden hair, tossed all day upon his pillow. On Saturday night, the fifteenth, I carried him into my study, and laid his cold still body here where I write. Here, too, on Sunday night came his mother and I to that holy leave-taking. My boy is gone, but in a higher and better sense than was in my mind when I wrote four years ago—I feel that my fancy has been fulfilled. I say heartily and without bitterness—Amen, so let it be.” That, we are told, was perhaps the greatest bereavement of his whole life, a blow that struck deeper and more ineffaceably than any that ever befell him. And yet, in the midst of his sorrow, it is not as one with no hope and without God in the world that this fearless critic of the popular creeds encounters sorrow, but as a strong brave man, who can bear adversity with stoic courage, and look on life again without yielding to pessimistic despair. “As the little fellow was our greatest joy,” he writes to a friend, “so is the recollection of him an enduring consolation. It is a heavy payment, but I would buy the four years of him again at the same price.”

Many warm hearts were drawn to Huxley in that hour of trouble, and, amongst them, Charles Kingsley, whose robust openness of nature was somewhat akin to Huxley’s own, sent him a long frank letter of sympathy. What Kingsley said we are not told, but it is very certain that he wrote words conveying only thoughts of such a character as one truth-loving mind can

* A Sermon preached at Manchester College, Oxford, on the occasion of the Summer Meeting of the University Extension Students, August 20, 1911.

express to another, and that merely conventional symbols of grief would not have been found amongst them. In a moment of intense feeling Huxley acknowledges his gratitude for the kindly deed; and then, with even more than the usual fervour of his passion for truth, he seeks to make Kingsley realise the difficulties he experiences in turning for comfort to the perennial consolations of religion. Pray understand—so one may put the substance of his plea—pray understand that I have no rational objection to the doctrine of an immortal hope, of the validity of which you seek to persuade me. Give me such evidence of it as would justify me in believing anything else, and I will not withhold my assent from that. If I am compelled to admit the indestructibility of matter and of physical energy, why should I hesitate in regard to the indestructibility of a soul? No, there is nothing impossible in your conception; nothing more marvellous than what I am meeting with every day in nature. Only, he goes on, only “the longer I live, the more obvious it is to me that the most sacred act of a man’s life is to say, and to feel, ‘I believe such and such a thing to be true.’” “All the greatest rewards and all the heaviest penalties” cling about that confession. And if, in unravelling some little difficulty of anatomy or of physiology it is absolutely essential that I should rigorously refuse to put faith in that which does not rest on sufficient evidence, can I believe that the great mystery of existence is going to be revealed to me on any other terms? I dare not, if I would, rest my hopes on weaker convictions than my scientific trusts. Science seems to teach me, in the strongest and highest manner, the great truth embodied in the Christian conception of entire surrender to the will of God, and to warn me against the supposition that what corresponds to my desires must of necessity come to pass. I neither deny then, nor do I affirm, that of the truth of which you try to convince me. But, he continues, but there are arguments sometimes advanced in its favour which are not only delusive but absolutely mischievous. One is that “the moral government of the world is imperfect without a system of future rewards and punishments.” Another is “that such a system (of rewards and punishments) is indispensable to practical morality.” With reference to the first, although he is no optimist, he has the firmest belief that the divine government (using that phrase to express the established laws of nature) is wholly just. He is sure that “the ledger of the Almighty is strictly kept,” and that “every one of us has the balance of his operations paid over to him at the end of every minute of his existence.” The absolute justice of the system of things is as clear to him as any scientific fact. The gravitation of sin to sorrow is as certain, he thinks, as that of the earth to the sun, and more so. Not only, then, does he fail to see the need for compensation, but he is convinced that the seeking for it, outside of this life, leads men to a ruinous ignorance of the fact that their inevitable rewards and their inevitable punishments are here. With respect to the second argument, he raises, however, an indignant protest:—“As I stood behind the coffin of my little son the other day,”

he writes, "with my mind bent on anything but disputation, the officiating minister read, as part of his duty, the words, 'If the dead rise not again, let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.' I cannot tell you how inexpressibly those words shocked me. St. Paul had neither wife nor child, or he must have known that his alternative involved a blasphemy against all that is best and noblest in human nature. What! because I am face to face with an irreparable loss, because I have given back to the source from whence it came the cause of a great happiness, still retaining through all my life the blessings which have sprung, and which will spring, from that cause, I am to renounce my manhood! Why, the very apes know better, and, if you shoot their young, the poor brutes grieve their grief out, and do not immediately seek distraction in a gorge." And, looking back on his own life, what, he asks, does he find to have been the agents of his redemption? The hope of future reward? He can honestly say that such a consideration had never once determined his conduct. No; but he can tell exactly what had been at work. *Sartor Resartus* led him to know that "a deep sense of religion was compatible with the entire absence of theology." Science and her methods gave him "a resting place independent of authority and tradition." Love opened to him "a view of the sanctity of human nature" and "impressed him with a deep sense of responsibility." And now, if he can feel that he has a shadow of a claim on the love of those around him, if in the supreme moment when he looked down into his boy's grave, his sorrow was full of submission and without bitterness, it was because these agencies had worked upon him and not because he had ever cared whether his poor personality should survive or no. "And thus, my dear Kingsley," he adds, "you will understand what my position is. I may be quite wrong, and, in that case, I know I shall have to pay the penalty for being wrong. But I can only say with Luther, 'God help me, I can do no other.'"

Deeply moved by the transparent sincerity and moral earnestness of one who thought of truth so much and of praise and recompense so little, the recipient of this letter could not fail to have been. With much of the contention thus enforced Kingsley would have been in accord. I suspect his knowledge of history would have precluded him from sharing the confidence of his correspondent that virtue always meets here with its due reward and vice with its due disgrace, and, as a matter of fact, Huxley too at other times was not without his scruples in regard to what he called the ruthlessness of nature. Kingsley, again, would have doubted whether the hopes and aspirations of countless reflective minds were really so much below scientific trusts in evidential support as is here suggested. But assuredly he would have acquiesced in dismissing the crude scheme of rewards and punishments to which allusion is made, and which is still sufficiently prevalent. Criticism, however, is far from my purpose now. Rather would I use the reasoning we have been following as a help towards bringing to light the genuinely spiritual

attitude in respect to the momentous problems Huxley had before him.

And, in the first place, is it not noteworthy to find a thinker who was so doubtful of any life beyond the grave yet possessed of so firm a conviction of the wisdom and beneficence of the principles which regulate the life that is before the grave? That has not always been so. For the most part those to whom the future has seemed dark have found also a reflexion of that darkness thrown upon the present. Once apply the moral test to the conduct of nature, it has been frequently urged, and she presents no features deserving either our approbation or our respect. "In sober truth," we have been assured, "nearly all the things which men are hanged or imprisoned for doing to one another are nature's every day performances." She empties her shafts upon the best and the noblest, indifferently with the meanest and the worst. Anarchy and the reign of terror are overmatched by the injustice, ruin, and death which her laws entail. And when, at the same time we are told, as, for example, we recently have been told by a distinguished Oxford thinker, that to become acquainted with her ways is still, even in that case, a pre-eminent duty of man, we may well be tempted to inquire—how can a knowledge of this eternal criminal be for us either a sacred or an ennobling thing? But to Professor Huxley the spectacle was very different. To him it seemed as though human life were a game of love, played with a player that was always fair, always generous, always lenient—a calm, strong angel, as he put it, who would rather lose than win. And in the light of that conviction, he vehemently resists the conclusion that the game is not worth our playing, because "the wages of going on and not to die" may not be given to us.

Was he not justified in doing so? Suppose our existence be in truth, as he seems to have thought possible, but "as a vapour that appeareth for a little while and then vanisheth away"—what then? Why then, it would still remain certain that truth is better than falsehood, that love is better than selfishness, that goodness is better than vice. Then it would still be unworthy of intelligent minds to pass away ignorant of this wonderful and majestic earth, in which, at least, we have a life-interest, and which, for the time, at least, we hold in actual possession. If we have but a few thousands of days to spend, or, perhaps, a few hundreds only, why, even then, we are human beings and not animals, even then we are living spirits and not fleeting clouds. Even then, we may do the work of men while we bear the form of them and, as we snatch our little portion of time out of eternity, we may shape, at any rate, a soul that it would be worth while to immortalise—yes, even though the night cometh, and, for us, the rest will be silence.

"Is it so small a thing
To have enjoy'd the sun,
To have lived light in the spring,
To have loved, to have thought, to have done?"

Suppose, however, now, that human life has no such close; suppose, on the other

hand, that this span of earthly years is the prelude to a wider sphere of activity; suppose that values are going to be conserved and great ideals are going to be realised—what then? Has an exhortation such as Huxley's, in that case, any relevance or significance? Does it, in that case, bear upon our moral attitude, or upon our conception of the Divinity that guides our ends? I answer it bears upon both, and in a very vital way. For my part, I can conceive of no religion at all likely to satisfy the mind and heart of man that is without an outlook upon a continuity of existence beyond the present, and yet I can see also that such an outlook is apt to become, unless we use it wisely, a hindrance and a snare to our career here. For what George Eliot once called "otherworldliness" is no imaginary evil. She showed how it might mar the character and spoil the inward beauty of a soul. There are, indeed, rewards of the spiritual life to which it is not only no selfishness to aspire, but which it is the very aim and object of the spiritual life to win. But what are they? Reflect upon them, and you will discern that they are always the same in kind as the aspirations themselves; not some other advantage or profit, to which these aspirations may be supposed to lead. When, for example, knowledge seeks for an ever wider, fuller, deeper, knowledge; when the consciousness of beauty seeks for an ever fairer, richer, realisation of the beautiful; when pure love seeks for an ever loftier, holier, diviner, capacity to love—then these aspirations of ours are reaching after a heaven, freed from every taint of selfishness, and the very thought of which will shed a dignity and grandeur over our all too imperfect efforts here. But that, alas, is not the ordinary notion of the rewards to which a faithful life may look forward. In the popular imagination heaven comes often to mean little else than a region where hedonism is carried out in a very practical way, upon a large scale, and with coarse issues. Some millennium of unadulterated pleasure is what often fascinates the popular consciousness. And, as against it, Professor Huxley's objections must surely come home, with convincing cogency, to every spiritually-minded man. The purity of the moral life is sullied, its motives are vitiated, when it is degraded into a kind of assurance policy for the future. The three hundred heroes who perished at Thermopylae sent home word to Sparta that they were dying there, in obedience to her sacred laws. Might they not put to shame many a modern incentive to virtue, which holds out a felicity beyond all comparison with anything relinquished here? For those Spartans surrendered everything, and looked forward to nothing save, indeed, "dear Cocytus with its languid stream." The devotees of Roman Catholic theology felt the force of this consideration. St. Theresa sees in a vision, so the legend runs, a strange and awful woman, bearing in one hand a cruse of water, and in the other a cauldron of fire. "Whither goest thou?" inquires the saint. "I go," is the reply, "I go to burn up heaven and to quench hell, that henceforth men may learn to love God for Himself alone."

Do you see, then, now whither my thoughts are tending? In many respects the great scientist to whom I have been referring has helped to do for the modern world a service not dissimilar to that which the woman in St. Theresa's dream desired to do for the mediæval one. He tried to induce men to burn up the heaven and to quench the hell of crude imagination, that henceforth they might learn to cherish moral goodness for itself alone. Yes; but a paradise lost is ever for him who wills it so, a paradise regained. As the sensuous picture fades from view, gradually there will arise the ideal of a nobler heritage—of a life immortal towards which it will be no unworthy thing to aspire—the ideal of a stage of consciousness that shall be the prolongation of all the generous activities of this—the unison of all high desires, the fruition of all pure and sweet affections that have had their commencement here. From many sides we are being warned in these days of the pessimism that is coming in upon us like a flood, and with regard to the momentous theme of the soul's futurity probably most reflective minds have had their hours of difficulty and misgiving. Baffled not seldom by the apparent antinomies it raises for finite thought, we may try, after the manner of Professor Huxley, to persuade ourselves that what becomes of us when we quit these present scenes is for us a matter of indifference. But as the years went by even Huxley himself found it impossible to preserve that attitude, and, in truth, human life is far too replete with deep and varied moments of insight to permit of any rational intelligence resting for long in such a feeling of unconcern.

"Just when you're safest, there is a sunset touch,

A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death,

A chorus-ending from Euripides;

And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears

As old and new at once as Nature's self."

"As old and new at once as Nature's self,"—it is no poetic exaggeration this, but strict and literal truth. Discount, by all means, the crude associations that have frequently gathered round the conception. But after you have made on their account every deduction, there will still remain in the simple, unsophisticated hope itself a characteristic of human consciousness so universal, and so persistent, that without it the whole course of human history would be changed. To dismiss as credulous so essential a factor of our spiritual manhood because popular imagination tends to clothe it in a material garb would be like refusing to recognise the authority of conscience because conscience too may take the form of a "lively sense of favours to come." That way, certainly, madness lies. And when I think of the millions of modest coverts of the world, remote from the dust and glare of publicity, of the homes where poor men work and patient mothers ply their daily toil, of the scenes of mortal struggle with the agencies that league against the faltering will, of the seasons of grief when no solicitude or love or prayer can stay the fleeting breath of those who are dear, of the tens of thousands

of other situations possible in the boundless multiformity of human existence, in which the pure unsullied faith that all is not ended here has proved to be a power of unspeakable blessing and of nameless peace; I cannot but wonder at the strange inconsistency of the empiricist who claims to rest his scepticism on grounds of experience, and yet attaches such little significance to a fact of experience so tremendous as this. No; the hope, the trust, the assurance will not vanish or be superseded. Intertwined, as Kant urged, with the very principles that render knowledge possible, it will endure so long as human beings think and feel and will. What, then, I venture to ask, can we students do—we who have come to these quiet haunts of culture and learning to meditate for a while upon the ideas and the ideals of the spiritual world—what can we students do towards liberating this great conception from the debasing excrescences that threaten to conceal its real import? Assuredly, we can, if we will, do much. Beyond all, reflection on spiritual verities may and must convince us of the error and the futility of trying to frame material pictures of that which in essence is immaterial. We can carry back with us the persuasion that the heaven we hope for is in no way rendered dubious by the circumstance that our limited thought has no means of representing its indoor details, or by the failure to establish the receipt of authentic messages from those who have departed thence. And that is a lesson which sadly needs enforcing now.

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be." Is it not really better so? Often, I know, a human soul feels otherwise. Often we are wont to imagine that our earthly existence would be incalculably richer, that the entire face of it would be charged for us with new meaning if the fact of a sequel could be rendered as certain as to-morrow's sunrise, that our actions would not be so petty and ignoble as they frequently are could we but definitely relate our allotted span of years to a great future, and thus see life singly and see it whole. But are we, after all, so positive that it would be so? May it not well be the case that one of the preparations necessary for entering upon a higher plane of being is that we should first learn to appreciate the inherent wealth, significance, and beauty of what we may here enjoy? If our present sphere of activity contains in itself countless elements of intrinsic worth, which it is part of our education to realise; if human love and solicitude and goodness are here and now absolutely valuable, to be treasured for their own sakes and not for anything to which they may lead, then it may not inconceivably be a wise provision for the development of soul that the details of the experience to follow this should be for the present screened from our view. Such, indeed, is what already happens more or less in regard to the various phases of our earthly life. The life of childhood is richest and most fruitful when it is lived as the life of childhood; it has its own ideas of what afterwards it will be, but it is marred and spoiled if the child becomes prematurely the man. As so, again, is it with respect to

youth and manhood's prime; who would wish to see them tinged too soon with the calmness and the wisdom of old age? Extend the thought here involved to the development of conscious existence as a whole, and I do not believe you would be employing a far-fetched analogy. For in order that life on earth should reach its full perfection, it needs to feel as a child towards the great Father of souls. The attitude of implicit trust in the goodness of the Power that rules the universe is itself a condition of mind that will fit us for the higher communion and enable us to win from it all that it will have in it to yield. And if this be so, we must be content for a while to forego a certainty which would debar us from the experience of what it is to trust. Let us, then, not pray for a disclosure that would blind us for the duties of this world and be fatal to its serving as a training school for another. To become here towards God as little children, it is worth waiting for the nearer companionship with Him that is yet in store; to realise here, in respect to our fellow men, that virtue is its own reward, and that love is no love at all until it becomes its own heaven, it is worth waiting for the revelation of what virtue and love have yet to accomplish.

LIFE, RELIGION & AFFAIRS.

THE BAHAIS.

"Hearing once more the primal fiat toll;—

'Let there be light!'

And there is light!

Light flagrant, manifest;

Light to the zenith, light from pole to pole;

Light from the East that waxeth to the West."

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

"My lamp thou art, and My Light is in thee; therefore be illumined by It and seek no one but Me, for I have created thee rich, and upon thee I have showered abundant grace."—BAHÀ'U'LLAH.

A SYMPATHETIC consideration may be anticipated for any form of faith which aims at building up the Temple of Unity. When the adherents of any such form prove the honesty of their purpose by living daily in the actual practice of a unifying motive, observers may be more than pardoned for regarding them with respectful gaze. When, for example, one sees students in the schools of Buddha and Mohammed, Zoroaster and Confucius, Moses and the Crucified One, meeting amicably together, partaking of food from the same board, shelving differences and accepting brotherhood in earnest of a possible earthly paradise, the onlooker cannot fail to experience some pleasurable wonderment.

It is true that the fraternity of man and the fatherhood of God has been preached over and over again, and has been, to some extent, acted upon by men who have heeded and marked what they have heard from the pulpit, the platform or the stage. It is true that the bibles of the world have set it forth, that prophets have proclaimed it, that romancers and journalists have emphasised and advocated it. It is equally true that, despite all this, the rumour of

war still sounds in our ears, that distrust of people for people still obtains, and that believers in various creeds are still hedged about by fences that separate. These fences have become so sacred by association and by time that he who would pull one down or set aside another, renders himself liable to suspicion as a backslider or a heretic, rather than to be welcomed as one whose right hand seeks the right hand of fellowship.

To-day, a new version of the old story is being told. Out of the East has moved a remarkable variant of the assertion that "if any man love not his brother, how can he love God!"

A Persian prophet uplifts his voice and wields his pen in an untiring endeavour to soften asperities, to subdue animosities, and, by stirring the impulses of the heart, to solve the knotty differences which the head often insists upon. His supporters would, perhaps, find no more suitable style for themselves than "Lovers of the Light," or "Brethren of the Light." This text, taken from "Hidden Words," by Baha'u'llah, held by them in much esteem, illustrates the position:—

"O, Children of Men! Do ye know why we have created ye from one clay? That no man should glorify himself over the other. Be ye ever mindful of how ye were created.

"Since we created ye all from the same substance, ye must be as one soul, walking with the same feet, eating with one mouth and living in one land, that you may manifest by your being and by your deeds and actions the signs of unity and the Spirit of One-ness." . . . "Thou art my Light."

"Light," then, is what these disciples seek to see and to follow. Nothing very startling, little really new, can perhaps be claimed for this expression of faith. It is its setting rather than its novelty, its working rather than its wording, which compels notice.

Somewhere about the beginning of the eighteenth century there appeared an English translation of a Dutch treatise entitled "The Light upon the Candlestick." It contained this passage: "We say that we exhort everyone to the Light that is in men. We give it rather the appellation of 'Light' than anything else; otherwise it, and all, are to us what we call it; Christ—the Spirit—the Word; seeing that all denote but one and the same thing. The Light, then, which is Christ the Truth."

It is this light which we find radiated and upheld in the writings and the practice of Abdul Baha or Abbas Effendi, the present exponent and inspirer of the Bahai movement. To his followers he is also known as "The Master" and as "The Servant of God."

In order to trace the foundation of a faith it is generally advisable to discover, as far as its history permits, the circumstances that brought it about and made it possible. Each modern statement of an ancient belief has, as a rule, arisen because of some notable deterioration in its former expression. Use has, perhaps, rendered it inefficient because of familiarity. Abuses may have enveloped it so closely that the exercise of its early power has been hindered or prevented.

When religion has, through any cause,

grown cold and the people careless, a witness for God, a prophet, makes his advent among men arousing them anew. He bears the Light aloft. He sounds the note of brotherhood and speaks of the love of God and the love of man to all who have ears to hear. This fact is a corner-stone in the architecture of the Bahais. They hold that such prophets are immediate manifestations of divinity itself. "These supreme holy souls are God-like in their attributes. The garments in which they appear are different, but the attributes are the same. . . . In their real and intrinsic power they show forth the Perfection of God. The reality of God in them never varies; only the garment in which the Primal Reality is clothed is different, according to the time and place of their appearance and declaration to the world. . . . Knowledge of this One-ness is true enlightenment. Some see the garment only and worship the personality; some see the reality and worship in spirit and in truth."

"The greatest proof of a manifestation is the manifestation itself. . . . Look at the Christ, he was a youth of Israel . . . so poor that he was born in a manger; yet he changed the conditions of the whole world. What proof could be greater than this that He was from God? The great prophets did not enter school to be taught of men; yet so many things did they manifest that at last we must admit that the world is not able to destroy the wisdom of the prophets or grow without them."

Oriental peoples have witnessed the rise and progress of many prophets. One has followed hard on the footsteps of another. By their fruits we know them. Some among them have exhibited an extraordinary force of character, which has attracted and beautified many souls.

With three of these the story of the Bahai movement is interwoven—I. the Bab, II. Baha'u'llah, and III., Abbas Effendi or Abdul Baha.

I. Mirza Ali Mohammed, recognised as The Bab, the "Door," was born in 1817, at Shiraz in Persia, son of a wool merchant of that city. While the boy was yet a baby the father died, and the charge of the little one fell to another resident in Shiraz, his mother's brother, Mirza Seyed Ali. The child, as he grew in stature, grew also in grace. Beautiful, it is said, in appearance, he was generally admired for real goodness of character and unfailing courtesy. In 1844, on May 23, he proclaimed himself a messenger from God appointed to prepare the way for the advent of One who would shortly come fulfilled with wisdom and power. Selecting 18 disciples, one of whom was a woman, he styled them "Letters of the Living." These, with him, were to live and move in certain expectation of Him whose coming would work towards regeneration. The centre of his teaching was belief in One God. Righteousness of life, kindness to all, equality of men and women, were insisted upon. His mission was speedily labelled "suspect" by powers spiritual and secular. Persecution followed. Two years after he had announced himself, the Mullahs, accusing the Bab of heresy, caused him to be imprisoned. Four years later he was sentenced and shot at Tabriz. That the

"heresy" might be eradicated a strong course was taken by the Mohammedans. It is stated that no fewer than 20,000 Babis lost their all, including life itself. As late as the first year of the present century "there were 120 martyrs at one time in the city of Yezd."

It must be noted that the Bab furnished a striking example of spirituality as well as a profound knowledge of the religions and the social requirements of the people. Before and during his imprisonment he taught and wrote. The "Book of Bayan" comprises many of his writings which deal with religion, ethics, and general conduct, inculcating a life of holiness and an incessant watchfulness for Him who should come. This coming of the One whom God would make manifest formed the main subject matter, and was the foremost object of the Bab's mission. His adherents grew rapidly in number and in steadfastness, despite the rigours of the persecution to which they were subjected. With their leader they lived and wrought in anticipation of Him whom God would send.

II. One man, a prisoner with others in Teheran because of their avowal of Babism, became prominent above the rest. Deeply spiritual, benevolent to a degree, overflowing with the courtesy dear to the Bab and his friends, Mirza Hussein Ali, a courtier by birth and culture, was greatly venerated. Son of one vizier, grandson of another, born in 1817 at Teheran, called in that city "the father of the poor," he was especially qualified for the exalted position he was ordained to occupy. His property, consisting, we learn, of five considerable estates, was confiscated. Confinement in Baghdad followed imprisonment in Teheran. Availing himself later of comparative liberty he withdrew "into the wilderness," passing two years in retirement and prayer among the heights of the locality. Mullahs and ministers wilfully reading "politics" in the progress of this movement, which had religion and good conduct alone as reasons for its being, united in ordering the Babis to Constantinople. In the spring of 1863 they journeyed thither. During this journey Mirza Hussein Ali, recognised as Baha'u'llah, "The Glory of God," informed a small circle of the faithful, including his eldest son—the existing head of the movement, Abbas Effendi or Abdul Baha, Servant of God—that he, himself, was the Manifestation predicted by the Bab. Sentence of transportation from Constantinople to Adrianople added another chapter to the history of persecution.

In 1868 the Babis were driven further afield still, to Akka, a small military station notorious for its malaria. They clung together, refusing to relinquish their religion or their leader, "preferring persecution." This compulsory exodus to Akka was due, in part, at all events, to some difference of opinion which gave the powers that be an ostensible reason for the expulsion of Baha'u'llah and this people from the capital.

No historian can hope to find complete accord or unanimity among a body of men upon a subject so vital as the successor to such a person as the Bab. Baha'u'llah had, as we have remarked, announced himself as the Coming One. His half-brother Subh-i-Ezel made a similar an-

nouncement, and urged his own nomination and fitness for the leadership. The very importance of the point could not fail to create some difficulty, some division. The Voice of Him whom God would manifest must fall upon some deaf or unwilling ears. Humanity, deeply stirred, is bound to have and to assert preferences. It is definitely recorded that the great majority of the Babis were loyal to Baha'u'llah, and, with him, went into exile at Akka, seventy of them being at first crowded together within two rooms. Gradually, but surely, their dignity under hardship, their uncomplaining obedience, the evident reality of their religious life, so impressed governor after governor that they were, at the end of seven years' confinement, granted permission to live in such homes as they might contrive not more than 18 miles distant from the fortress. The name of Baha'u'llah, accepted and venerated, became adopted, Babis now calling themselves Bahais.

Until 1892 Baha'u'llah worked for and among his people, passing, when 75 years old, from the place of his suffering and theirs, leaving them as his most precious bequest his eldest son Abdul Baha, already highly revered and esteemed.

III. Abdul Baha (Abbas Effendi) is the last of the three to whom our attention is called. He was born on May 23, 1844. We learn that that day was the one on which the Bab began his ministry; also that from infancy upward Abdul was devoted by his father to the subsequent leadership, and assiduously trained to that end. The lad knew, believed, and rejoiced in the perilous and arduous task that lay before him. Baha'u'llah was not only his father but his Lord. The sorrows and the sufferings of the Bahais were his. He came into the world burdened with their burden. The faith that supported them sustained him. He relied on his assurance that the Divine Unity which he was to proclaim would reconcile man to man by healing the wounds of separation and strife. He has bountifully and beautifully redeemed the promise of his high calling. As "the Servant of God" he has lived, and lives to-day, the ever-willing Servant of Man.

The persecution of his people has told upon him sorely, and the conditions of confinement have worn him with the years, yet his urbanity and his tireless graciousness are unfailing. His wisdom is as notable as his religious fervour and his trust in the Supreme. His home at Akka has been, and is, a centre of influence that the world recognises, if it does not, as yet, fully apprehend. Pilgrims from Japan, India, America, France and Great Britain journey there to gain his counsel and to retain a share in his love and an abiding belief in the nearness of God and the oneness of His children. He affirms the immanence of divinity, and that those who have ascertained the presence of the indwelling God must, perforce, live in the Light of God. Men, seeing that light and noting its influence, must in turn become bearers of the light.

A veritable patriarch in appearance, he possesses an extraordinary charm. His countenance irradiates the Inner Light. Of average height, he is strong, active, purposeful. His abundant hair, now growing grey, falls low about his neck, or is gathered beneath his turban. He is bearded. His

head is large, his forehead wide; his eyes, luminous and full of sweetness, shine beneath heavy brows; his mouth is firm, but fascinatingly tender. He draws men unto him by a singular mixture of majesty and grace. His wife adores him; his daughters, right willing workers with him as their parent, revere him as a prophet sent by God. The Constitution has blessed him with liberty, and he is now free to journey into Egypt to seek restoration in the balmy air and the sweet sense of escape from imprisoning walls. With the lamp of light in his hands, with the love of God and man in his heart, he moves, a man among men, and his voice is the voice of a prophet of the Lord.

ERIC HAMMOND.

THE STORM.

THIRTY days had passed in succession without rain. Dust lay thickly encrusted on the hedgerows, hiding the drooping, wilted leaves. Deep gashes rent the soil in the fields. Between the bare rows of houses in town and city the pavement shot up heated air like whiffs from a furnace, lifting the eyelids of the limp wayfarer, and racking his nerves. Fierce rays beat all day long upon the highway. Toil became a torment. Even at rest one gasped for breath.

All who went about unconsciously suffered from sunstroke. Suicides and sudden deaths, strikes and constitutional crises abounded. Without the attire, the shady avenues, the mid-day siesta, the leisurely habits that make it endurable, tropical heat afflicted the island of fog and sunless gloom. After passing clean out of the calendar, summer had come back reinforced by seven others. Doctors were continually meeting with new diseases. No wonder. Everybody had become feverish. Bristles roughened the meekest temper, and acidity soured the sweetest. On the last day we were nearing delirium. For the heavens were as brass. Earth had rolled up close to the gates of hell.

But towards evening one became aware that the earth was held by a strange warning. What is that low rumble heard overhead? There it is again, louder. Now, a terrible rattle—and at once all over the heavens is let loose the booming artillery of the thunderstorm. In the awful silence that follows one hears, afar off, an ominous rustle, as of an oncoming squadron of invisible hosts. Some dread Thing is on its way hither. The mind is tense with unnamed expectancy. The hills are lost from sight. A thick veil as of a visible dusk sweeps over the land, and before it the corn sways staggeringly; the laurels patter with excitement, the poplars turn white as though livid with the frenzy of fear. Out of the cave of the tempest has burst a wind travelling fifty miles an hour, and before it the roadways are streams of blinding dust, and for a moment the countryside is lost in a whirling tornado. The dust of the ages seems to have accumulated for this stifling choking cyclone.

But now there is an unfamiliar sting upon the face. Again, several. Like thin-filmed capsules breaking. Ah! Rain—in

large drops, each flung like a projectile aimed with angry precision, yet each received as a fond caress. For this, the eye and the heart have long grown weary. The drops lose count in a sharp shower; the showers scuffle into a torrent. Furiously and fast, in a flood it fell, the cattle alone calm with joy; but every biped fleeing helter-skelter under shelter. Long silent has been this song upon the window pane, and welcome now is the splash, dash; flug, chug; flop, plop of the pelting piper; while all around is the music of falling water, trickling and purling, in swish and swirl—the soil gulping the gurgling stream dashed into its thirsty throat.

The drought is over. Water from heaven! Long-awaited, welcome water! O celestial liquor! Olympian wine! And the cool breeze that follows, fraught with exquisite sweetness, from what snow-clad heights is it wafted? Refreshing, ambrosial air. With its inspiration the brain clarifies, thought returns, the heart is restored.

One looks out over the moistened fields to the clear-washed hills, and lifts up the soul to God. A voiceless offering, yet in it is the word of the withering weed, and the woodland, and the wan dweller in the close street. Rain is divine. Sense-symbol of the free outpouring of the grace of God.

We have cried out for God as a thirsty land where no water is. We have felt oppressed and forsaken. We have sat dumb under affliction, trying in vain to believe that He loveth whom He chasteneth. Then has come some fierce trial that caught the soul as in a whirlwind. Yet, as we crouched in despair, an unexpected wonder has passed over us, that brought proof of the sweetness of the Lord. Out of the violet shadows of His hills a gentle influence has been wafted towards us. His mercy has fallen like rain upon the heart. Now we know in whom we have trusted. After the drought, the storm; and then the gentle rain from heaven. And there upon a hawthorn branch, each hanging drop an iridescent pearl, a robin is singing what the heart would say.

J. T. D.

THE INTERNATIONAL VISITS ASSOCIATION IN DENMARK.

A FEW weeks ago I noticed in THE INQUIRER a modest advertisement of a forthcoming visit to Denmark organised by the International Visits Association. The general lines of the programme for the visit seemed interesting, and on the first day of August I found myself in Copenhagen as one of the visitors. After one of the most intensely interesting fortnights in my life I have only one regret, and that is that so few of my fellow countrymen joined in this visit. The International Visits Association ought to be better known. It came into existence in 1902, when some friends visited Denmark to learn at first hand what was being done in that country to rejuvenate and intensify its national life. Visits have been paid to Holland and to Sweden, and this year's was the sixth visit to

Denmark. So far the visits have been confined to the smaller countries, and this has been a wise policy, for in these smaller nations there is an intensity of national feeling and national development that one misses in the greater countries.

Perhaps the best illustration of the methods of the Association can be given by a brief account of this recent visit to Copenhagen. Miss Butlin, the hon. secretary, had, with the assistance of Danish friends, arranged a programme of lectures and excursions, intended to help visitors to understand something of Danish institutions. The lectures were given by Danes in English, and we visitors therefore had the great advantage of hearing accounts of Danish Government, national and local, of Danish agriculture, of Danish education, and so forth from native experts. All the lecturers were kind enough to answer questions, and as an indefatigable heckler I can bear witness that many of them took immense pains to give the information which an interested inquirer wanted. On alternate days the lecture room was deserted, and the party went off to see People's High Schools, small holdings, co-operative dairies, labour exchanges, schools and other institutions. The hospitality extended to us by our Danish hosts was overwhelming, and the only sign of unhappiness I saw was on the face of a host who found that we had not time enough to examine every detail of his undertaking.

It has been a strenuous fortnight, for, naturally enough, we have all wanted to see something of the galleries and museums, and of the delightful country near Copenhagen, in addition to the programme arranged by the organisers. But strenuous though it has been it has been a stimulating and delightful holiday. We have seen a renaissance at work. Denmark, as everyone knows, has a great place in European history. Bit by bit its territory has been dismembered, and more than once its complete absorption has been threatened. But there has been no sullen acquiescence in the changed circumstances; as the territory has narrowed the attention of the people has been turned more and more to their own domestic problems. Their land has been made to produce wealth almost inconceivable by the application of skilled labour, and a sane and healthy co-operation between man and man. Poverty exists, but is much less in proportionate amount and much less clamant than with us in England. It is noteworthy, also, that great wealth in the hands of individuals is much rarer in Denmark than is the case here. Among the country-folk material prosperity has not brought a dull satisfaction with things as they are. Minds are active and ideas are held in esteem. Scattered over the country-side are the popular high schools, where men and women go to become in some measure members of the great brotherhood of the seekers after knowledge. In the towns one sees a similar spirit in other forms. The provision of assistance for the unemployed, for the sick, for the disabled, for the aged, aims at preventing evils, not merely at their relief.

So one turns homewards along the route taken by the great galleys of the Vikings.

And just as in Viking times new vigour and initiative came to us across the North Sea, so now, one believes, new initiatives, new hopes for our national well-being come from what we have seen of Denmark.

T. R. MARR.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME, and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

RELIGIOUS PROSPECTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

SIR,—As one who felt proud to sign myself "Unitarian" in the recent South African Census, I naturally enjoyed reading Mr. Tarrant's interesting letters to THE INQUIRER. Being out on the veldt at the time, I was denied the pleasure of hearing him personally. Will it be too presumptuous to say that a vein of disappointment seems to run through Mr. Tarrant's account of his tour? Be that as it may, a few months' experience of the locality seems to lend colour to the opinion that conditions on the Rand are calculated to break any missionary heart. Without making unfair comparisons these conditions compel a contrast with those that obtain in New Zealand, where I was also privileged to witness Unitarian propaganda.

Antagonism is the fuel of Unitarian fire. There we saw the joy of conflict and keen sword-play. Here it is a struggle against the suffocating gas of indifference. You challenge antagonism in vain. There was healthy bigotry and intellectual objections to be triumphantly overcome. The Rand's great need, on the other hand, is not liberalising, but evangelising. A mission connected with the little Presbyterian cause here in Boksburg—a Rand township of over ten thousand whites—has been pounding away for the last fortnight to fast emptying benches. I think it will be found that the one and the same field offers harvest for the "Revivalist" as well as the Unitarian worker. But such is the ignorance prevailing here on points of religious differences that a malapert paragrapher treated Mr. Tarrant's then forthcoming visit as that of the ordinary blood-and-thunder orator. A mighty hunter before the Lord in the enervating region of the Dead Sea!

It may be possible to touch on some of the "thorns" which destroy the efforts of the "sower." The aftermath of war is a theme too obvious to need enlarging upon here. The venerable Canon's recent dictum on its elevating effect on the thought and action of a nation finds a stern denial in the social calibre of South Africa. Mr. Tarrant has referred to the pursuit of sports. This in turn may be accounted for by climate—cold weather stimulates thought—and also by the large proportion of unattached young people in the Rand's population. South Africa

is the easy resort of young men from home, and the traditional refuge for ne'er-do-well remittance men. Whereas in New Zealand, for instance, these "odd numbers" board and lodge in homely fashion with families, generally of fervent religious traditions, the method of "putting up" is much looser here. Single mine workers "bachelorise" in "single quarters"; while city workers generally rent a furnished room and board at restaurants. The hallowing influence of "home from home" is therefore missing.

Moreover, on the Rand we have no time for anything except to make money and get out of it. It would be found that a minority only have any intention of making a permanent home here. Consequently we all have our eyes on some distant Arcadia where we can "think on these things." If the Rand is any indication, organised religion is dead in South Africa. She may find the elements of one in the ideal of forming a national purpose by unifying the divers warring interests of race and colour which make her at present a Union in name only. If the old Roman idea of political unity and co-citizenship does not for us stand for the whole of religion, it is undoubtedly the root of the humanitarian principle. And is not the humanitarian, in turn, the spring of all ideals? War and social habits may account for much; but we have still a reason in the person of the unwitting Kaffir. Here our long-cherished dreams of the "brotherhood of man" are exploded by the apparition of the black man. They take the form of academic illusions. "Expediencies" put to rout our compunctions against degrading the image of God—though black—in man. "Exeter-Hallism"—a term that should signify noble endeavour after liberty and fraternity—is here the stock sneer for all movements which threaten mine profits by uplifting the black man morally and intellectually, here and now. Let it not be said that the Kaffir is not happy enough in his own way. But the great utilitarian's axiom still holds good: that a man dissatisfied is better than a pig satisfied. And the holding of the Kaffir in moral serfdom wreaks its spiritual vengeance on the predominant race.

War, climate, unsettled conditions that destroy the institution of the hearth, lack of a national sense of citizenship, and the wreck of the humanitarian ideal on the shoals of the Kaffir problem, enumerate what I have vaguely tried to say in explanation of our religious sterility. South Africa's problem is a unique one—not to be determined by spasmodic influences, not to say interference, from outside. Only God's eternal time process can reveal the symmetry of the pattern. Meanwhile we wonder how the Great Weaver will unravel the storm-driven skeins of South Africa's hidden destiny.—Yours, &c.,

D. IVON JONES.

Boksburgh, Transvaal.

CORRECTION.—The word "place" in J. B. Haigh's Sonnet on p. 522 of last week's INQUIRER should read "peace."

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

ROMAN RELIGION.*

THE two series of Gifford Lectures which Mr. Warde Fowler has published in the volume before us, will yield to none of their predecessors in interest and importance. This is due partly to personal qualities in the writer himself, the breadth of his scholarship and the fascination of his style; but chiefly, we think, to their intrinsic value as a contribution to knowledge, and the religious sympathy which is born of knowledge, in a field which hitherto has been almost unoccupied. The phrase "religious experience" will perhaps seem a little incongruous in the connection in which it is used, especially to readers to whom experience always suggests some element of difference from visible rite or form. We look in vain for any quality of inwardness in Roman Religion corresponding to the broken and contrite heart of the Psalms, until the time when it almost loses its identity in oriental forms of mysticism. Like successful diplomacy it achieves its end through the formalities of right relations. It bears no trace of the peace of heart, which is the deepest element in the reconciled life. But this is no reason why the student of religion should set it down as uninteresting or unimportant. Its very omissions should pique his curiosity. As Mr. Fowler says, "a religious system of such an unusual kind, with characteristics so well marked, must, one would suppose, be itself an attractive subject. A religion that becomes highly formalised claims attention by this very characteristic. At one time, however far back, it must have accurately expressed the needs and the aspirations of the Roman people in their struggle for existence."

Those who are eager for new knowledge and feel the fascination of following imperfect clues through a land which is half in darkness, will probably prefer the first series of lectures to the second. It deals with a period which Mr. Fowler calls prehistoric, because there is no contemporary literary evidence in regard to its beliefs. The evidence of a later time, which was dominated to a large extent by Greek culture, is dismissed rightly as of small value. "The process of disentangling the Roman element from the Greek in the literary evidence," our author warns us, "is one which can never be satisfactorily accomplished, and on the whole it is better, with Wissowa and Marquardt, to hold fast by the facts of the cult, where the distinction between the two is usually obvious, than to flounder about in a slough of what I can only call pseudo-evidence."

This self-denying ordinance, however, does not reduce the whole narrative to meagre guess-work. On the contrary, it gives it objectivity and force. The strength of Mr. Fowler's exposition depends

upon his skill in following the clues of ritual to their ultimate source in human feeling and social need. His great chapter on the Religion of the Family, based entirely upon what we know of the ritual, reveals the immemorial antiquity of Roman religious sentiment and the necessary evolution of *pietas* as its supreme virtue. For the Roman, religion could never be divorced from the family, the land on which the family was settled, and the State.

In the second series of lectures we are on more familiar ground. Here Mr. Fowler traces the gradual disintegration of the old State religion, the incursion of new forms of worship, the restoration under Augustus, and the final submergence of Roman religion by Christianity, in many respects a process of fusion rather than of conquest. We can here only call attention to the lecture on Religious Feeling in the Poems of Virgil, without doubt the most distinctively beautiful thing which the book contains, and the discussion of Christianity in its special relations of contact and contrast with the old State religion. On the former we are tempted to linger indefinitely, but we must be content with one quotation.

"The something wanting in others which we find in Virgil only, on in him more convincingly felt and more resonantly expressed, is a kindly and hopeful outlook on the world with a deep and real sympathy for all sorrow and pain. It is not the result of any definite religious conviction; it is in the nature of the man, and is of the very fibre of his being; but it made him a better religious teacher than the rest, just because real religion is not a matter of reason only, or of convention, or of art, but of feeling. This is the true antidote to despair or depression—a sympathy with man in all he does or suffers, not an indignant cry of remonstrance like that of Lucretius. Virgil's sympathetic outlook includes not only man, but the animal world, and there can be no better proof that his feeling was genuine Though Virgil and Wordsworth are in many ways as unlike as two poets can be, they are alike in the possession of that gentle and trustful outlook on the world of nature which stimulates the mind to think of itself in relation to the Power. We do not need to analyse the process or to put it into any logical shape; we may rest content with it as a fact in the history of Roman religious experience."

In the last lecture Mr. Fowler gives some account, all too short for the deep interest of the subject, of the way in which the traditional Roman terminology passed into Latin Christianity. But in some ways of even deeper importance was "the orderly, sane, and decent character which the Church inherited from the Roman religion." After discussing the revival of the old religious observances by Augustus and the check which they imposed upon various forms of Oriental cult and belief, Mr. Fowler continues:—

"I think it might be shown that the continuity of the old religion in its connection with the State was really of value in keeping these growths from

occupying too much ground; of value in checking too rapid a growth of individualism; of value, too, in cherishing certain really precious religious characteristics, orderliness and decency in ritual, for example, which, as we have seen, were very early developed in the Roman religious system, and which owed their continued vitality to the overwhelming influence of the Roman State over all her citizens and their ideas. Thus, when at last, after a period of anxious conflict between rival religions, the State proclaimed itself Christian, and henceforward for good or ill extended its protection to the Church, its religious tradition was still one of decency and order, still free from almost all that the old Roman State knew, and dreaded as *superstitio*."

But in spite of this noble tribute to the undying influence of the vanquished, there is no tendency here to obliterate the immensity of the difference between the new religion and the old. What Christianity meant as a positive acquisition of inwardness, of spiritual depth and power, is seen in a sentence of Lactantius, quoted by Mr. Fowler, in which an ancient term receives the illumination of the new teaching. "What then," he asks, "is *pietas*? Surely it is with those who know not war; who keep at peace with all men; who love their enemies, and count all men their brethren; who can control their anger and curb all mental wilfulness."

We have left ourselves all too little space in which to call attention to Professor Arnold's scholarly volume on Roman Stoicism. It provides a detailed exposition of one of the extraneous influences, in all respects the noblest and most impressive, which flowed in upon Rome from the Greek world. But even more important than its specific conquests of the Roman mind was its fusion with the best elements of Græco-Roman civilisation. Here it met Christianity half way, and left its mark upon the thought and practice of the Church. What Professor Arnold calls the Stoic Strain in Christianity is discussed in his last chapter. It is hazardous, especially in the case of moral precepts, to infer dependence from similarity either of language or of ethical content, and we think that there is a tendency in some places to press the claims of Stoicism too strongly; but questions of degree do not invalidate the justice of the conclusion that "the study of Stoicism is essential to the full understanding of the Christian religion, as also to that of many other fundamental conceptions of our modern life."

THE FRANCISCAN LEGEND.*

PROFESSOR TAMASSIA's book on St. Francis and his legend, published originally in Italian, in 1906, has not produced hitherto the effect upon the study of Franciscan sources which the English translator evidently thinks is its due. Its tone of critical dogmatism is far from attractive, its treatment of many import-

* St. Francis of Assisi and his Legend. By Nino Tamassia. Translated into English, with a short preface, by Lonsdale Ragg. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.

* The Religious Experience of the Roman People. By W. Warde Fowler, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 12s. net.

Roman Stoicism. By E. Vernon Arnold, Litt.D. Cambridge: at the University Press. 10s. 6d. net.

ant questions very cursory, and in the last resort its tone of historical scepticism quite unconvincing. Professor Tamassia will have nothing to do with any sources outside the two lives of Thomas of Celano. He sweeps aside the whole of the *Mirror of Perfection* and the *Legend of the Three Companions* as secondary, and shuts us up entirely within the limits of what Thomas chooses to tell us. But a conclusion of this sort requires a much closer and more detailed investigation of the other literature than he has given to it. There is, for instance, the possibility that the *Speculum* is composite, and contains a good deal of primitive material embedded in its later literary structure. There seems to us to be a high degree of probability that there was considerable literary activity at an early date outside the strictly official circles, and that in this way primitive records and impressions of high value have been preserved. Professor Tamassia's book, however, confines its attention to Thomas of Celano, and whatever value it possesses must be sought in its ruthless criticism of the biographical methods which Thomas employed.

We use the word ruthless advisedly, for we have seldom come across a book in which a hostile case is ridden so hard. Thomas is "an incorrigible plagiarist," his *Second Life* "*le chef d'œuvre*—possibly the *chef d'œuvre* of monastic imposture in the thirteenth century—entwined like clinging ivy round the little plant of Assisi." The charge is one of deliberate literary fraud. We are asked to believe that his writing is simply a cunning web of plagiarisms from St. Augustine and Gregory the Great and the lives of the Saints. When, however, the evidence is sifted and examined, it does not appear very convincing. No allowance is made for the possibility that an educated man in the thirteenth century might know passages from the Vulgate and be inclined to quote them without going to Gregory the Great for his authority, or that the religious atmosphere and habit of the time may have had quite as profound an influence upon the actions of St. Francis as upon the style of his biographer. We do not undervalue Professor Tamassia's reminder of the special qualities which colour all mediæval hagiography, the tendency to conform the Saint to a fixed pattern, the typical miracles, the competition in the marvellous between one commune or locality and another, the element of expectation which tends to create its own fulfilment; but, like some eighteenth century rationalist, he is too ready with the plea of imposture and has little appreciation of the inherent creativeness of religious genius.

Professor Tamassia does not, however, resolve St. Francis into a myth. His critical attitude is described in the following words: "We come to believe as true only that which, in our judgment, the veracious biographer could not have omitted, even if he had wished, without so altering the portrait of the Saint as to render it unrecognisable!" On this basis he believes that Thomas of Celano is forced sometimes to reveal the truth in spite of himself; and he accepts an attenuated residuum of fact. The "gentle pantheism" of St.

Francis, for instance, he holds to be historical. The attempt to connect him with the widely diffused heresies of the thirteenth century, and especially with the Albigenses, must, we think, receive the verdict of "not proven." Whatever else the Albigenses may have been, they certainly were not pantheists. The whole attitude of St. Francis towards nature is in the strongest possible contrast to their violent dualism.

On the whole we think that this historical essay might well have been left to be consulted by special students in Italian. Its methods of reasoning and its conclusions are likely to be very misleading to the ordinary reader with some general interest in the Franciscan movement but without any special knowledge of mediæval literature and of the Franciscan sources in particular. The translation is disfigured by some extraordinary misprints. We conjecture that it must have been printed abroad and passed by a reader with an imperfect knowledge of English.

THE ART OF BIOGRAPHY.*

No appointment could have been more fitting or better deserved than that of Sir Sidney Lee to deliver the Leslie Stephen Lecture at Cambridge. It was inevitable that he should talk about biography, and that he should place brevity among the cardinal virtues of the biographer. He has a distinct partiality for Plutarch, for reasons which are distinctly reminiscent of the struggles of an editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography* with eloquent contributors. At the same time, he is sufficiently catholic to acknowledge that Boswell and Lockhart have given us the two biographies which, for excellence in their special art, easily outdistance all others in the English language. That Sir Sidney Lee has studied compression to good purpose is seen on every page of his lecture, in the ease with which he says exactly what he wants to say, and the happy epigrams which seem to flow naturally from his pen. "Death is a part of life, and no man is a fit subject for biography till he is dead." "It is not the business of biography to appease mere inquisitiveness." "No man's memory can be accounted great until it has outlived his life." "It speaks well for the goodness of the world that good men have occupied more biographic pens than bad men, and that biographers have always cherished a charitable preference for benefactors over malefactors." "Biography prejudices its chances of success when it is consciously designed as an ethical guide of life." "To pander to a love of scandal is a greater sin in a biographer than in anybody else." "The vapour of sentimentality is usually fatal to biographic light." In quoting these sentences we have not rifled the lecture of all its plums. We must leave our readers to discover the rest for themselves. There will be little disposi-

tion, we imagine, to quarrel with the clear statement of biographical principles which they illustrate and adorn.

THE CHILDREN OF THE SLUMS.*

It is difficult to deal effectually with the problem of the slum child without entering into the economic and other causes which have given him his unfortunate environment. For this reason a book which only aims at giving an account of the beneficent agencies at work on his behalf, however sympathetically written, will scarcely satisfy those who have become convinced that prevention rather than amelioration is the duty of the present age in relation to every kind of social evil. But, although Mr. Samuelson is content to leave on one side entirely those wider issues which will have to be faced before the "children of misery" cease to haunt the highways and by-ways of our big cities, he gives a very useful survey of the ground covered by charitable institutions, the names of which have become in many cases household words, and of the philanthropic activities in which he has taken part himself in Liverpool. The statistics given in the various chapters relating to the feeding and clothing, education and emigration of destitute boys and girls tell a very plain tale, and leave the reader in no doubt as to the absolute wastefulness of merely deterrent methods of dealing with the miseries of the poor. A reproduction from a painting in Dr. Guthrie's original industrial school near Edinburgh representing John Pounds, the Portsmouth shoemaker, who started the Ragged School movement, is given as a frontispiece. Some recollections of the good old man, who loved to feed the hungry bodies and starving minds of the boys and girls living amid scenes of poverty and depravity all about him, are to be found among the appendices, which also include the text of the *Children Act, 1908*—a valuable addition.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL WORKS OF DESCARTES.

Rendered into English by Elizabeth S. Haldane, LL.D., and G. R. T. Ross M.A., D.Phil. In two volumes. Vol. I. Cambridge: at the University Press. 10s. 6d. net.

THE Cambridge University Press is conferring a boon upon philosophical students by the publication of an English translation of the *Philosophical Works of Descartes*. The first volume contains "Rules for the Direction of the Mind," the "Discourse on the Method of Rightly Conducting the Reason," "Meditations on First Philosophy," "The Principles of Philosophy," "The Search after Truth," "The Passions of the Soul," and "Notes Directed against a Certain Programme." The translators announce that the second volume will contain a complete translation of the "Objections" directed against the "Meditations," together with Descartes' replies. They also hold out the hope that

* *The Principles of Biography*. By Sidney Lee. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1s. 6d. net.

* *The Children of Our Slums*. By James Samuelson, B.L. The Liverpool Booksellers' Co., Ltd. 1s. net.

they may possibly supplement their present work by translating the philosophical correspondence and the more specially physiological treatises. The more the writings of the few great thinkers of the world are made available in this way the better. The extensive philosophical literature, mostly critical and expository, which has grown up in recent years has done a great deal to encourage a kind of superficial philosophical culture to the detriment of real thinking. Quiet study of the classics of thought is the best remedy, and we are tempted to add, in hardly any other department of literature are the classics so few. Though there are many claimants to the honour the thinkers of real originality and power, who are worthy to be called philosophers, are a small and select band. How many could we count in the long period which separates Plato from Descartes?

WEALTH, BEAUTY, YOUTH WHICH ALL MAY ATTAIN. By J. T. Sunderland, M.A. London: Philip Green. 2s. 6d. net.

THE title which Mr. Sunderland has given to his trio of discourses has all the charm of a direct appeal to human desires which we know to be natural, but which we are often at great pains to conceal. There is no reason why we should not all wish to be wealthy, beautiful and young in the best sense, and if it is usually distasteful to us to see men and women making these things their chief aim in life, that is only because such false ideas are current as to the best way of obtaining them and the ends which they are expected to serve. Mr. Sunderland explains what we ought to do if we want to become really happy and useful individuals, radiating love and good humour, and thrilling with that real *joie de vivre* which brings joy to all who catch the infection. Self-forgetfulness, simplicity of life, high ideals, a sympathetic heart, plenty of fresh air and good sanitation—these are essential, he tells us, if we are not to be physically, mentally, and morally bankrupt in a universe which is full of inestimable riches for those who know how to obtain them. We may have heard all this before, but it is a good thing to be reminded once again of those precious truths with which none of us can ever be too familiar, and which it lies with us to make the commonplaces of everyday life.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

MESSRS. J. & J. PATON:—Paton's List of Schools, 1911. Paton's Guide to Continental Schools, 1911.

T. M. NATHUBHOY, 133, Salisbury-square:—The Foundations of Morality: T. M. Nathubhoy, J.P. 1s.

MESSRS. J. E. CORNISH, LTD., Manchester:—“Follow Thou,” A Scripture Play: E. P. B. 1s. net.

THE CLARENDON PRESS:—The Greek Commonwealth. Politics and Economics in Fifth-Century Athens: Alfred E. Zimmern. 8s. 6d. net.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

THE LIGHT.

DARK the sky; all dusk the air; black the trees; lone the path.

A step is heard. Who walks by night? And how can he find his way in this deep gloom?

Light! A flash of light! A Chinaman travels this road, carrying a paper lantern from which a candle spreads its joyous ray.

The candle is of tallow, but it is coated with white wax; and it is this white wax which adds brightness to the flame. Whence comes the wax? “Lend me your ears,” and hear the secret of its birth and growth.

Smooth of leaf, a kind of privet tree grows ever green in the Chienchang valley in the Chinese highlands; and its blooms are snowy in May and June, and after the snow-blooms peeps out the purple fruit. Men of science name the tree “*Ligustrum lucidum*,” but you and I will name it the Light-giver. In the month of March the branches break out as if in brown warts. The brown warts slowly open, and in the cracks are seen small white grubs. These grubs will evolve or unfold into six-legged creatures (insects), and the male insects will bring forth, from their very own bodies—white wax.

But not here. Not in the Chienchang Valley. Not in this highland air. Chinese wit has found out that the wax will be brought forth (secreted) if the insects dwell 200 miles away, in the city of Kiating. But the grubs will soon become insects, and if Chinamen want white wax they must take the grubs in all haste to Kiating city; and the soft, worm-like things will grow as they are carried.

Haste, haste! you who want light.

Grubs are picked out and made into packets weighing 16 ozs. each, and each packet is wrapped in leaves of the wood-oil tree. Sixteen of these green boxes are a load for one man. And now, off to the city of Kiating. But have a care! Not by day, and in the glare of the sun of noon, may the white grubs be borne, for they must not be too quickly changed from the cool air of their native valley. Therefore, the porters must journey by night. They must journey fast; they must run—they must run 200 miles.

Fare forth, porters. Along level roads, along river banks, along the sides of canals, along paths up hill, along high passes over mountains, the patient Chinamen pursue their steady trot in the dusk of the night.

Hearken to the feet of the runners. They run in the dark that the world may have light. Wherever they go gates of cities are left open, that the porters may not be delayed by opening and shutting and parleying with gatekeepers. While citizens are abed, along the quiet streets the porters trot. Out into the country-side again; through woods and over hills; across bridges and splashing through fords. The porters rest in the heat of the day, and as the evening coolness draws near the stern and sure running begins again, and the moon and the stars shine upon the long line of the carriers.

Kiating city is reached. Each green packet is hanged by a straw to the branch of an ash tree. There is wondrous life in the green case—life that unfolds, life that swells, life that leads to light. The grubs grow into insects, and the feeble little insects cut their way through the leaf that shuts them in, and they climb up the straws and creep up the ash trees. After thirteen days the male insects secrete pads of white wax, a quarter of an inch thick. Busy hands rapidly collect the wax, and throw it into iron pots of boiling water. The wax melts, rises to the top, and is skimmed off. The treasure has been won, and the valley of Chienchang has yielded its precious store, thanks to the patient feet of the runners, thanks to the deft hands of the workers of Kiating. The wax is used to size paper, to size cotton goods; to impart a gloss to silk, to polish furniture, to coat the candles for a light to lighten the darkness.

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom.

Patience
Labour
Light

At every sunrise the hands of women tend children, and order the house, and make ready for the day. At every sunrise men go forth to their labour, and they toil till the sunset and the evening star. Honour, three times honour, to the patience and the labour that bring the light.

“Father, I see that the world is great, and I fear lest the order of it and the life of it may fail.”

“Listen, my child, to the feet of the runners.”

F. J. GOULD.

NOTE.—The particulars from which this sketch is adapted are drawn from Mrs. Archibald Little's “Intimate China,” pp. 436 to 440.

MEETINGS AND SOCIETIES

THE BOYS' OWN BRIGADE CAMP, 1911.

THE third summer camp of the London battalion was held at Deal from July 29 to August 8, and turned out to be a most successful and enjoyable ten days for all who took part in it.

The pride of place must certainly be given to the weather, though in this record summer its exemplary attitude has become almost a commonplace. From the arrival of the advance party three days ahead of the Brigade, to their departure a fortnight later, nothing seemed able to break up the persistent warmth and sunshine; a severe and dramatic thunderstorm did indeed give the boys a damp welcome immediately after they had left the station on their march to Camp, and on one or two evenings there were sharp showers; but these made little impression on the scorched ground, and throughout the time nothing was postponed or interfered with by bad weather. The result was evident indirectly in the absence of any illness among the boys, and directly in the colour of their com-

plexions, which after the first morning's bathe became "ruddier than the cherry," and deepened gradually to a rich walnut brown—in fact, almost the only work which fell to the Ambulance Sergeant was the treatment of scorched arms and necks, since this year the bread-cutting machine confined its operations to the bread.

We returned again to the scene of our first Camp in 1909, but were fortunate in securing a far better field which was not only more spacious and amenable to a good camp place, but lay beyond the general traffic of the Golf Club and farm buildings, and on the edge of the open fields and sandhills. Our numbers were practically the same as on our former visit, since the Liverpool battalion held a camp of its own in Derbyshire, and did not therefore send a contingent. Including those who came for at least a week-end 64 boys, 5 staff sergeants, and 10 officers attended the camp.

The absentee who was most seriously missed was the Rev. J. C. Ballantyne, who up to now had been organiser, manager, and universal provider to the Brigade; for reasons of health he had felt unable to undertake the burden of camp work again, but owing to his ingrained mania for lists, records, and statistics of every possible variety, his experience was luckily available for the assistance of others. A small committee undertook the preliminary organization, and his functions as quartermaster, *i.e.*, director of the food department, were allotted to the Rev. Gordon Cooper and myself. The Brigade President's duties in Camp have hitherto been of a miscellaneous kind, such as playing the piano and taking the official photographs, but it would be idle to pretend that acting as quartermaster is another sinecure of that kind. Apart from the actual ordering and preparation of the food supply, one is oppressed by the perpetual fear of some important item like the milk or the bread not turning up in time, and the problem of estimating quantities for days which may or may not be particularly "hungry days" gave one some insight into the trials and woes of an hotel-keeper's existence. Except for the actual cooking, which was efficiently carried out by an ex-army cook, engaged for the occasion, all the work of preparing the marquee before meals, and washing up after them, was performed by the orderlies for the day, consisting of one boy from each of the eight boys' tents, under the direction of the officer of the day.

The camp staff consisted of Captain and Adjutant Bartram as Commanding Officer, and five of the company officers, some of these for part of the time only; the Rev. R. K. Davis, whom we were glad to welcome for the first time, acted as Chaplain, and during a few days' absence his place was taken by the Rev. Gordon Cooper. Both chaplains added to their other duties the important function of superintending the cricket, and for this we obtained permission more than once to play on a good pitch belonging to a neighbouring school.

The Rev. F. Summers, of No. 5 Company, paid us a night's visit, and we also welcomed Mr. A. Wilson, one of the vice-presidents, and several other old and new friends of the B.O.B. Among the latter should be

mentioned the "regimental pets," namely, two black and white kittens of adventurous character, who took possession of us a day or two after our arrival, and appeared to enjoy with stolid good temper the most boisterous attentions from the members of the Brigade. They divided the camp into two "spheres of influence," and one at least made strenuous efforts to get itself packed up with the cooking utensils, and returned in No. 1 case to Stamford-street Chapel for the winter.

To those who know the work of the Brigade in London, a short account of the camp day may be of interest. The official reveillé is at 6.30 (preceded by an unofficial bathing ditto in the Quartermaster's and Commanding Officer's tents at 5.45), and at 7.15 the boys, fortified by two biscuits apiece, fall in for physical drill. Breakfast is at 8.15, consisting of porridge with sugar and milk, tea, bread and butter and jam. It may be a surprise to some who remember their nursery days to hear that the boys regard Devon butter as a far more desirable luxury than jam or marmalade, and as time went on the demand for the former rose and for the latter fell. During this time the official inspection of tents takes place, and on the marking of the day a small Union Jack is fixed outside the winning tent. This year a great advance was noticeable in the keenness shown by the boys to take all possible pains with the arrangement of their blankets, uniform, and other equipment, for every item of which there is a recognized and correct position, and on one morning a tent was even awarded full marks for the day. The competition was finally won by No. 2 (Rhyl-street) who scored the highest number of wins, though No. 3 (Mansford-street) obtained the highest total of marks.

The next item on the programme is the ceremony of "changing the guard" at 10 o'clock. The new guard is immediately dismissed (to return to duty in the evening) and a quarter of an hour later the Brigade practises battalion drill, for which camp affords a unique opportunity. The most welcome business of the morning arrives at 11.15, namely, bathing parade, when the whole muster marches across the strip of sandhills to the steep shingly beach. Thanks to the fine and calm weather of July, the sea was exceptionally warm and clear, and we had none of the rough and chilly mornings which in previous years have sometimes spoil our enjoyment. Practically all the members of the B.O.B. can swim, and our attendant boatman was never called upon to perform any serious duty. Dinner at 12.30 consists of meat or stew with potatoes and vegetables, and a pudding such as "plum duff," suet pudding with syrup or jam, or prunes and rice. The boys are then free till tea-time for cricket or other amusements, and passes are given for those who wish to go walks beyond the Camp bounds. For tea, which is a movable feast, according to the afternoon's programme, there is bread and butter and jam, with cake or lettuces on certain days, and the final meal is supper at 9 with cocoa and biscuits; this was occasionally preceded by a "sing-song" in the recreation marquee, which served as concert hall or chapel, and would have provided space for indoor

games on the wet days which never occurred. The "lights out" bugle is blown at 9.45 and the Camp very soon settles down to rest and quietness, broken only by the challenges of the sentries, or the explanation of their duties which they are required to give to the commanding officer on his "grand rounds." So each day passes only too quickly, and with experience and repetition the whole routine of the Camp gains in order and smartness until at the close one feels that it could well be carried on for another month if only time and opportunity allowed.

Certain days are marked by specially important events; on the Tuesday we were delighted to have a few hours' visit from the Rev. J. C. Ballantyne, who was received by a guard of honour, and by a strenuous tidying up of all parts of the Camp on which the critical eye of a former quartermaster might rest. On Thursday there was a route march to Sandwich where we took our lunch (and truth compels me to state that it *did* consist of sandwiches!), and on Friday another guard of honour was paraded to be present at the arrival of the Jewish Lads' Brigade on the adjoining field. As they mustered about 800 members, and possessed two or three bands, we felt somewhat overwhelmed as far as numbers were concerned; but observation of the different methods necessary for the management of so huge an organisation led to the conclusion that a small camp, such as our own, possesses many advantages which it would be a pity to lose.

It is pleasant to record that the relations between the two Camps were most friendly throughout; hospitality was exchanged between the officers, and as a return compliment to our guard of honour, one of their bands escorted the B.O.B. to the station on its departure. In an intercamp cricket match, played on the Saturday, we had the satisfaction of winning a decisive victory by an innings and one run, the hero of the day being our captain, A. Albrow, who in addition to a fine display of bowling, scored 58 in his first innings, 18 of these being hit in one over, including a "six" which removed a large piece of the door-post from a house overlooking the pitch—a trophy which was suitably inscribed and presented to him at supper on the same evening.

On Bank Holiday a tent-pitching competition was held in which a squad from each company took part, marks being given for speed in pitching and neatness in result, and the victorious company was No. 3 (Mansford-street). In the afternoon the sports were held under the management of Lieut. W. H. Ballantyne, and in these, after very close competition, the highest total was gained by No. 4 (Essex Church). The remaining competition was that for "guard-mounting," that is, for efficiency in carrying out the duties of the guard, which is drawn from each company in turn; and here No. 2 (Rhyl-street) repeated their success in the matter of tent tidiness.

Enough has probably been said to prove that the Brigade makes the most of its time when in Camp, and it need only be added that a delightful spirit of cheerfulness and esprit de corps was shown in work and play alike. It was especially

satisfying to hear both from direct and indirect sources, how highly the conduct of the Brigade was thought of by those in the locality whose long experience of such Camp work makes their criticism valuable; and our own feelings may be expressed by saying that we brought a "record" Camp to a close with a fervent hope that we may be able to repeat it all again with the same success next year.

RONALD P. JONES.

THE UNITARIAN VAN MISSION.

At Sunderland the Rev. H. B. Smith encountered a good deal of opposition, but except for the continued interruption of a group of ultra-orthodox people, the meetings were thoroughly successful, and at the service in the chapel on Sunday, Mr. Henry Sutcliffe (who had presided at most of the meetings) expressed the thanks of the Sunderland congregation for the splendid help which the Mission had rendered the cause in that town. The lay-missioner, Mr. Harrison, conducted the service at South Shields. This week the van is at the village of Hetton, and moves next to the Aucklands, where a fortnight will be spent.

The Lancashire van finished its work north of Manchester with a series of meetings at Walkden, where open-air addresses have been delivered at regular intervals by members of the Missionary Conference since the visit of the van a year ago. There were some hopes of establishing a permanent congregation, but the thorough testing which the place has had persuaded the Conference that the necessary support would not be forthcoming just yet. The missioner was the Rev. Walter Short, of Stalybridge, who had the assistance of his brother, the Rev. H. Fisher Short, on one or two evenings. On Sunday the service was conducted by the Rev. J. J. Wright, and there was also a gratifying attendance of friends from Chowbent. Long before day-break the van had started for South Cheshire and the Potteries, where it will work for the remainder of the season. Knutsford was reached late on Monday, and on Tuesday the journey was continued to Nantwich, where the Rev. J. Park Davies conducted a fine mission with the assistance of the Rev. W. A. Weatherall, who in his turn is missioner at Congleton this week. Nantwich was supposed to lie in the balance. "It will be either a decided success or a complete failure." It was a big success, the meetings increasing in size until there were over 600 present at the opening on Sunday night. But as the rain fell in torrents, the number rapidly thinned until the missioner found himself with an umbrella meeting of a hundred. A feature of the Nantwich mission was the absence of questions—not one for the whole week, we believe.

The Yorkshire van has held meetings at Bradford, Low Moor, and Cleckheaton. The

holidays interfered with attendances at Bradford, although on three nights over 250 people were present. The Revs. H. McLachlan and W. L. Schroeder conducted the Mission, and the reports speak of the entirely satisfactory impressions which were created. People were busy with holidays also at Low Moor, which is a much smaller place, and an audience of 35 on the opening night seemed discouraging. The Rev. T. J. Jenkins, of Hinckley, however, soon attracted quite a large crowd, and the meetings were a success. He was assisted by Mr. C. Biggins, of the Home Missionary College. Later in the week a start was made at Cleckheaton, and this week the van is at Heckmond-wike.

The London van has had large meetings at Shepherds Bush (the Rev. F. Hall, missioner) and at Harlesden, where the Rev. H. C. Hawkins, who spent last season with the Southern van, conducted the Mission. Mr. Bertram Talbot presided on several occasions. At both places the keenest interest was shown. A further meeting has also been held at Sydenham.

This week the van is at Hampstead Heath, and the meeting to-morrow, Sunday evening, will be held near Jack Straw's Castle at 8 o'clock; next week near Tallyho Corner, Finchley.

None of the meetings had to be abandoned during the strike, though the public excitement had its effect upon the attendances. Great demonstrations have been held in the neighbourhood of the vans, and a change of site has in one or two instances been found advisable. There was some anxiety as to the wisdom of meetings in Yorkshire, and the Rev. T. J. Jenkins was unable to proceed to Liverpool. But no incidents have occurred to mar the work of the Mission.

In accordance with a suggestion which has reached the organisers of the Mission, home collecting boxes will be issued to friends who by that means are willing to assist the funds. The Mission has a vast number of well-wishers in all parts of the country, but it greatly needs their active support. Application for the collecting boxes, and subscriptions should be sent at once to the Rev. Thos. P. Spedding, Essex Hall, Essex-street, Strand, London, W.C.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

Special Notice to Correspondents.—Items of news for this column should be sent immediately after the event, and should reach the editor on Wednesday, except in the case of meetings held too late in the week to make this possible.

Aberdeen.—The Rev. Alexander Webster conducted the services and preached in the Parish Church, Peterhead, on Sunday, August 13, in the absence of the minister, the Rev. Dr. Stewart, who was away on a holiday. A great deal of interest was aroused by the announcement that Mr. Webster would occupy the pulpit, and large congregations attended. It will be remembered that Mr. Webster took part of the service of the West Church, Aberdeen, on a recent occasion. These manifestations of goodwill between ministers of different denominations are always pleasant to record as signs of a growing spirit of breadth and charity.

Croydon.—The Free Christian Church congregation in extraordinary general meeting on Sunday, August 20, resolved to ask the Rev. W. Moritz Weston, D.D., Ph.D., to become its resident minister. The Rev. W. M. Weston, having accepted their invitation, will enter upon his duties on Sunday next, the 27th inst.

NOTES AND JOTTINGS.

A NIECE OF ELIZABETH FRY.

The Dowager Lady Buxton, whose death took place last week at the venerable age of 97, was the daughter of the late Samuel Gurney, and a niece of Elizabeth Fry, with whose social and philanthropic work she was closely associated as a girl. She married Sir Edward North Buxton ("Anti-Slavery Buxton"), and of her twelve children five, including Sir T. Fowell Buxton, are still living. Lady Buxton was the grandmother of Mr. Noel Buxton, M.P., and aunt to Mr. Sydney Buxton, President of the Board of Trade.

THE ESPERANTO CONGRESS.

The seventh Universal Esperanto Congress which opened at Antwerp on the 19th, and has lasted for a week, will have brought home to many the universal extent of the movement, and proved that Dr. Zamenhof has not dreamed an idle dream in trying to provide a basis for international friendliness in the shape of a language common to people of all countries. Over 2,000 members of the congress, representing 30 different nationalities, were expected, and admirable arrangements were made by Antwerp Esperantists for the entertainment of the delegates. The King of the Belgians gave his patronage to the assembly, and support was forthcoming from many of the magistrates, consuls, members of Parliament, military officers, and business men of Belgium.

MEMENTOES OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Several bequests by Florence Nightingale have recently been added to the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution in Whitehall. These include various gifts and orders which were bestowed on her by Queen Victoria, King Edward VII., the German Emperor, and the Sultan of Turkey, together with medals and ribbons presented to her by various military societies in England and France, and the marble bust of Miss Nightingale subscribed for by the non-commissioned officers and men of the British Army in 1862.

DISTRICT NURSING IN EAST LONDON.

"Of all the forms that charity takes," said Mr. Charles Booth in his "Life and Labour in London," "there is hardly one that is so directly successful as district nursing. It is almost true to say that wherever a nurse enters, the standard of life is raised." This testimony is borne out by the excellent results which have attended the work of the Maternity Charity and District Nurses' Home at Plaistow, which is asking for support outside its own immediate neighbourhood in order that it may continue its services efficiently to the poor of East London. The area covered by the Plaistow nurses is a wide one, and their patients are in the majority of cases casual labourers or their families whose earnings are precarious at all times. Some 9,000 cases were treated during last year, entailing nearly 226,000 visits on the part of staff nurses and pro-

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bationers to the number of 175. Not the least beneficial part of the work is the definite instruction which the nurses are able to give to those whom they visit on the laws of health, and the proper care and feeding of infants.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

According to the returns which have just been made public, it appears that there has been a considerable increase this year in the total number of visitors to the British Museum, and also in the number of visits by readers to the Reading Room. Among the important recent acquisitions in the Printed Books Department is the original autograph Trafalgar memorandum written by Lord Nelson on October 9, 1805, to explain the tactics which he intended to adopt on meeting the allied fleets of France and Spain. The only work of John Milton which was not hitherto in the library has also been added to the treasures of the Museum.

RURAL LIFE IN IRELAND.

Mr. G. W. Russell has been contributing a series of articles on "The Problem of Rural Life" to the *Irish Review*, the last of which deals in a striking manner with the stagnation of the country towns, and their inability to supply material for the mental development of the people. "Towns ought to be conductors," he says, "catching the lightnings of the human mind and distributing them all around their area. The Irish country towns only collect mental bogs about them. We have grown so accustomed to these arid oases of humanity that we accept them in a hopeless kind of way, whereas we should rage and prophesy over them as the prophets of ancient Israel did over Tyre and Sidon. And, indeed, a lordly magnificence of wickedness is not so hopeless a thing to contemplate as a dead level of petty iniquity, the soul's death in life, without ideas or aspirations. The Chaldeans—those who built up the Tower of Heaven in defiance of Heaven—had so much greatness of soul that the next thing they might do would be to turn it into a house of prayer; but lives filled with everlasting littleness fill one with deep despair and madness of heart."

"We want pioneers of civilisation," he continues, "to go out into our country districts with a divine passion in them, the desire of the God implanted spirit, to make the world about it into some likeness of the Kingdom of Light. There are no barriers in our way except ourselves and our own supineness. The men in any rural district, united together, could make the land they live in as lovely to look on as the fabled gardens in the valley of Damascus. They could have fruit trees along the hedgerows, and make the country roads beautiful with colour in spring. This has been done in many a rural commune on the Continent, and there is no reason why it should not be done here. Only let us get our men together, get them organised, and one improvement will rapidly follow another. For all great deeds by races, all civilisations, were built up by the voluntary efforts of men united together. Sometimes one feels as if there

were some higher mind in humanity which could not act through individuals, but only through brotherhoods and groups of men. Anyhow, the civilisation which is based on individualism is mean, and the civilisation based upon great guilds, fraternities, communes and associations is of a higher order. If we are to have any rural civilisation in Ireland it must spring out of co-operation."

AN AUTHOR OF ELEVEN.

A translation by Mr. Aylmer Maude of "The Soldier's Wife," a short story written by an eleven-year-old pupil at Tolstoy's village school, is given in the August number of *The Vineyard*. Tolstoy has himself given an account of how the story was written by little Fédka, a lad of "an affectionate, impressible, poetic, and mischievous nature." So delighted was he to find such originality in a village boy that he gives very high praise to the short narrative, and declares that "there is nothing like it in the Russian language." It is indeed remarkable as the work of one so young for its unconscious realism, pathos, and simplicity.

READERS IN BYGONE AGES.

Mr. Hagberg Wright gives an interesting survey of what the people of England were reading a hundred years ago in the *Nineteenth Century*, and incidentally reminds us that the librarians have now "begun to take their place in the greatest of all aristocracies, the aristocracy of letters." They formerly held a high position, and "in the palaces of the Burgundian dukes were the keepers of jewels and ornaments of gold, and the books they guarded were among their most precious possessions." For a time however, they descended "to the rank of footmen and butlers," and the fact that they are once more reinstated is a sign of literary development and the growth of libraries.

* * *

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, Mr. Wright assures us, men and women read more slowly and thoughtfully, "and at social gatherings long discussions on the last notable work of an author enlivened conversation." Fiction was then, as now, much read, but it was not of a kind that is much in favour now. Books of travel were very popular, but ancient and mediæval metaphysics did not occupy men's minds to any considerable degree, and with the exception of a few of the better-known poets the large mass of pre-Elizabethan and Elizabethan authors were more or less left unread. He alludes regretfully to the French salons, Holland House, and the literary coteries of the past, but he takes comfort in the thought that the compensations we have are probably much greater than we imagine, and that thousands to-day find pleasure in books and reading, while knowledge is within the reach of everyone.

THE CLOSING OF PUBLIC-HOUSES IN LIVERPOOL.

The action of the Liverpool magistrates in ordering that the public-houses be closed from 2 p.m. on Friday and Saturday last,

as well as on Sunday evening, has led to the oft-repeated inquiry as to "Why the public-houses were closed?" Only one answer seems to be given, namely, that it was a danger to public order and the public peace for these houses to be open during the whole day. A second question might have been asked, namely, what results, so far as public order is concerned, have followed the closing of the drink shops? And in reply to that question, Mr. Edward Boreland gives the answer in Tuesday's *Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury* as follows: "On Friday evening I walked from Lord-street to Whitefield-road, and counted 54 liquor shops on the route. On Saturday evening I took a longer journey, chiefly in other parts of the city, and counted over 100 liquor shops on the way. But I saw no drunkenness and no disorder. I saw no thirsty people clamouring for admission to licensed premises; I heard no railing against the justices for giving us a taste of prohibition; but, on the contrary, I heard many praises of the magisterial action. To-day (Monday) I visited the police courts about one o'clock, and found the 'drunks' court empty. I next visited the stipendiary's court, and found the business over. I then went to the main Bridewell, and there found that on this morning, after partial closing of public-houses, there were forty-one cases (all kinds) for trial, whilst on Monday, July 24, an ordinary Monday—preceding which the public-houses ran their full time—there were 180 cases to be tried of all kinds."

Golden Advice

The Golden Rule for Summer eating is to avoid anything that clogs the body. Salads, providing they are fresh and clean, and Fresh Fruits, if ripe and sound, are cooling and delicious at all meals.

But over-starchy foods should be avoided. White bread and flour clog and overheat the system. A finely-ground wholemeal—none could be finer than "Artox"—keeps it gently regulated, well nourished, and yet cool.

Try Cucumber or Cress and Tomato Sandwiches made with "Artox" Bread. You will give up white flour when you taste the good, nutty flavour of "Artox," and realise what it does for the health.

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HOW WORKERS CAN INCREASE EARNINGS.

The Value of a Great System of Home-Training for Better Positions. Striking Testimony from Eminent Men.

Every ambitious worker who aims at increasing his earning powers is directly concerned in the speeches recently made by Lord Desborough, Sir Joseph Ward, and Mr. G. H. Roberts, M.P., at the Festival of Empire.

Lord Desborough,

President of the London Chamber of Commerce, speaking of the International Correspondence Schools, said:

"I congratulate you one and all on the spirit of self-reliance and longing for educational improvement which has induced you to join, for the good of yourselves and the welfare of your country, this great and magnificent organisation."

Lord Desborough speaks from wide acquaintance of the education necessary for success in business. The Chamber over which he presides will next year examine in languages and in commercial education no fewer than 12,000 students. Therefore, his recognition of the I.C.S. as a "great and magnificent organisation" is most significant, and should be noted by all who aim at a successful business career.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Ward,

A.C., K.C.M.G., Premier of New Zealand, showed the value of the I.C.S. in a brilliant light. He said:

"The Postmaster-General of the great Commonwealth of Australia has given instructions by circular to the thousands of officers in that important Department urging them to join this institution of which you are members (Cheers), and upon my return to New Zealand I will give similar directions regarding important Departments in that country (Renewed cheers)."

Sir Joseph Ward is the Premier of what is, perhaps, the most democratic country in the British Empire—a land wherein every man has a chance to climb to the highest rung of the ladder. The value placed upon the I.C.S. by its Premier is a signpost to success for every go-ahead worker in this country.

Mr. G. H. Roberts, M.P.,

the Chief Whip of the Labour Party in the House of Commons then spoke.

Not many labour leaders have greater knowledge of both workers and technical education than has this "man of the people." Hence Mr. Roberts' speech should be taken to heart by all who want to be more than mere routine workers. Read this extract:

"You engaged in the mill, factory, mine, and office bring to bear upon your educational pursuits a graduation in the University of Experience, and I believe that the ultimate result must be that the I.C.S. students will prove themselves amongst the most practical and accomplished workers that can be found in any walk of society."

Mr. Roberts has intimate knowledge of you "in the mill, factory, mine, and office." He has also investigated the International correspondence Schools, and knows thoroughly their methods, how and what they teach—how I.C.S. students are amongst the most successful workers in every branch of industry, and how employers give preference to I.C.S. trained men. That is what gives value to his utterance at the Crystal Palace.

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* * * Regarding Advertisement Rates see inside Front Cover.